

French Orchards Devastated by Germans

ATTENTION has been directed recently to the havoc which has been wrought by the Germans among the orchards, fruit farms and nursery gardens of the devastated portions of northern France, Belgium, Poland, Serbia and Roumania. The manner in which the Teutonic forces deliberately and systematically carried out their policy of destruction has been disclosed in those portions of France which have been released from German occupation during the past year. Not a tree was left standing or alive in the beautiful orchards which were the pride and at the same time the means of livelihood of the people of this devastated country.

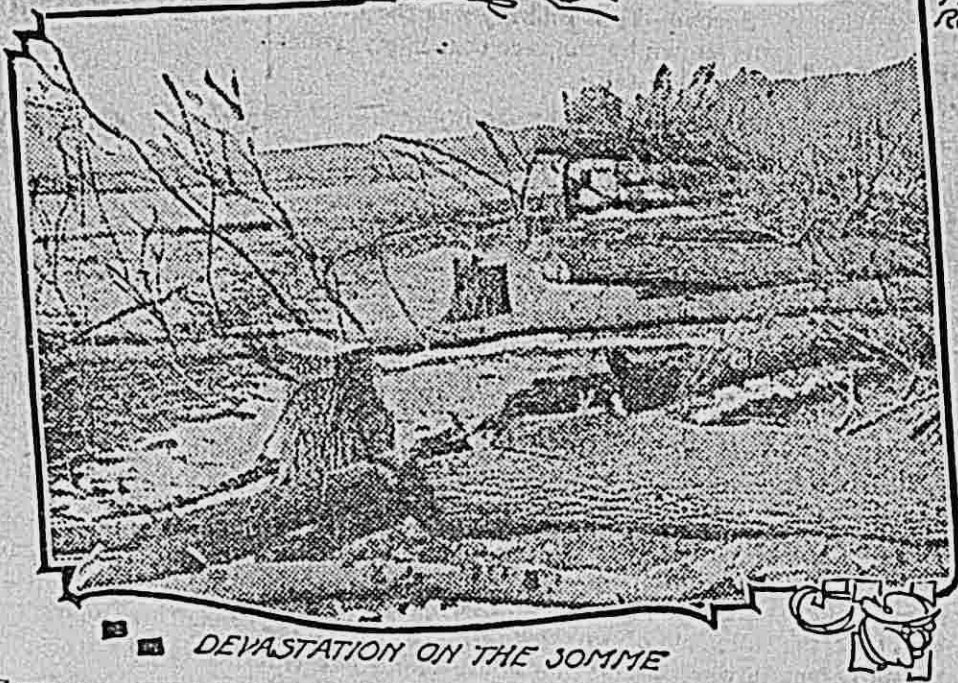
The disclosure of these conditions has resulted in the formation of plans in London for the raising of funds to be used in the restoration of these orchards and nurseries. It is estimated that about \$5,000,000 will be needed to complete this work of reconstruction. Some thousands of trees have already been dispatched to France for planting in the district which has been wrested from German control.

The destruction of the orchards is described by a writer in Country Life who went to France to learn what plans were being made to restore to prosperity the regions that have been laid waste in war.

"No description in the newspapers brought home to me so vividly as a personal visit did the heavy hand which has been laid upon these regions," says this writer. The one phrase which kept rising in the mind and ever coming to the lips was the Scriptural one, "There shall not be left one stone standing upon another." Before the war the region was one of the most fertile in France. Agricultural authorities assured me that the best crops of wheat in the country were raised on the wide flat plains. The land at present is growing only thistles and other weeds. The ruin here differs entirely from that seen in such war-battered towns as Reims and Verdun. There have been smashed and knocked about by shells and bombs till they are but ruins of what they once were. Still, there are houses standing untouched amid the general destruction, and they still are at least the shells of towns. But, to take for example the district around Noyon, not only have the streets been wrecked by fire and shell, but before leaving them the Germans went methodically through a course of destruction, blowing up roofs, gathering up implements into a heap for burning, and employing a kind of battering ram for breaking down the walls. So that to recur again to the phrase that keeps welling up like the burden of a song, there is really not one stone left to stand upon another.

"More may be said about that hereafter. The main point today is to direct attention to what has actually been done by the Germans in the way of ruining gardens, orchards and nurseries. Those who have been in the country in peacetime will remember the rows of apple and pear trees at were grown along the straight roads running between unbroken fields. They will remember, too, the tops of plantations of trees in the dunes, as well as the orchards and dens near the pretty rustic houses characteristic of that French district. Preparation for evacuation, the German soldiers appear to have been ordered out with axes and saw to level trees with the ground. Whether it is that nobody has found time to move them or that the ruined are preserved as a monument to an brutality, there they are lying. Some, and these the slender, have been clean sawn off; others cut with the axe; a few have been attacked with both axes. But there they lie dead, never there was of nursery or garden been swept away. Even the where the rabbits were kept or escaped destruction.

One recognizes that these represent chief elements in the picture in which a considerable proportion of the inhabitants were dependent for their livelihood. French officer commanding



DEVASTATION ON THE SOMME

In the district told me nothing had so angered and embittered his Pollus. They accepted the rest as a natural outcome of the war, and what an extraordinary "rest" it was. One has to go far back to find anything to compare with it. After Bannockburn the Scots used to raid the adjacent parts of England, so that for years it was impossible to raise crops, and the houses were so systematically destroyed that the buildings of wood and stone were ultimately replaced by turf and wattle. The desolation there in the fourteenth century must have been comparable to the desolation produced in the twentieth century by a nation which counts itself cultured beyond most. And what was worse than damage to property was the carrying away into captivity of the whole population, excepting such as were too old to work. Into what various regions they have been scattered no one knows. Very few have found their way back. It was, however, the preparation for subsequent misery that inflamed the soldiery. I could see their eyes hardened and shine like steel at the bare mention, and one effect has been that the French army will not be content with any end of this war which is not consummated on the further bank of the Rhine.

"Lieutenant Traffaut, with a touch of satire, remarked that the Germans

who had gone out to wreak mischief on the peaceful inhabitants had unwittingly done them a good turn. Many have preached for years that the time had come to destroy and replant the orchards. They were much too old for grafting. The varieties grown were not good and, besides, it is impractical to modern systems of cultivation to have groups of trees in the middle of a field. They only put difficulties in the way of plowing, difficulties that will be greatly accentuated when the tractor plow comes into more general use. He agreed with other experts with whom I had an opportunity of conversation that the better plan was to set about the planting of new trees, which should be chosen with special regard to their suitability to the soil and the district, and to their usefulness. For many years it has been pointed out in vain to the French peasant, just as it has been to English farmers and gardeners, that the old mossy trees, picturesque though they may be, which are usually found in both countries, could advantageously be replaced by young saplings of the best varieties.

"But the French peasant is every bit as conservative as the British farmer. As long as his trees carried annually a certain amount of ill grown apples that he could make into a very indifferent cider, nothing would persuade him to remove them. He was equally deaf to the argument that cultivation would be easier if the trees were removed from the middle of the field and planted along the sides. Out of evil comes good. A plan has been formed for reconstructing these orchards on an entirely new basis, with the co-operation of the British public.

OUR FAIR WEATHER FRIENDS

Young Woman Who Was Almost Destitute, Learned True Meaning of the Well-Known Phrase.

Once I knew a girl who was the spoiled, and only, daughter of a rich family, Margaret E. Sangster writes in the Christian Herald. She had always been in the position of a fairy princess with a wishing ring. Anything that she desired was brought to her as if some magic genie waited for commands.

And then her father failed in business and died. And her mother, broken in health and spirits, soon followed him. And the girl was left alone.

She had always had a number of friends—firm friends who accepted her dinner invitations and her concert tickets. But when she lost her money and was left alone, the girl found that her friends were all marvelously busy—that they were too busy to see much of her, to give her much advice and help. With a little money left from the wreck of things she took a secretarial course in a business college. She had to hurry, for there wasn't much money, so she finished the course in half the prescribed time. Now she has a very responsible position and a very interesting salary.

Talking to me not long ago, she laughed in a not very humorous way and said:

"You know, I never knew the meaning of the term 'fair weather friends' until my great trouble; and then, when I needed friends so very badly—when life was so horrid and unfortunate and sorry for me—I found that there were

very few who really showed up in a real way. In a time of trouble character really shows!"

"I've known you for a long while," I answered, "a very long while. When I knew you first you were a butterfly, with about as much feeling and as much responsibility as a butterfly. I never thought you would amount to anything! And then sorrow came, and there wasn't any money. And I thought again, 'That girl will go to the wall.' When you finished ahead of time, we could scarcely believe it. And now we are still surprised—but we're getting gladder about you every day!"

The girl looked at me quite speechlessly.

"In a time of trouble," I quoted, "character certainly shows!"

Musical Conductors. Really great musical conductors are few, and of these Hans Richter stood in the forefront. It is difficult, says the Christian Science Monitor, to define just what differentiates a good conductor from a mere time beater, but a story that is told of Richter may help indirectly. In the prelude to "Tristan und Isolde" occurs a beautiful passage for the oboe, which rises, swells and dies away to a pianissimo most effectively. To indicate the quality of the playing which he wanted from this instrument, Richter, beating the time with his right hand, placed his left hand over his heart, and the oboe player at once responded to a direction all-inclusive in its simplicity and intelligibility.

Clear Conscience.

Say, old fellow, don't carry the joke too far. Send the umbrella to Room 11, Fraternity Building. If the owner is not in just set it up beside the door. Or if you have that weak feeling and are in need of a tonic, and not able to climb the stairway, you can just pitch the shower stick in at the lower door entrance and return home, or any old place you like, carrying a clear conscience of one having done a good and worthy deed. Try it once.—Winchester Sun.

TRAMP PRINTERS LAND IN PRISON

Stow Away in Box Car and Wake Up in Reformatory Inclosure.

UNCLE JIM TO RESCUE

Appeals to Guards Are Jeered at Until Superintendent Finally "Discovers" Them After Three Months' Servitude.

Chicago.—The wanderlust called Gus, the wanderlust called Bill, Gus and Bill wrapped up their worldly goods and stowed themselves away in a box car. The box car would take them to strange ports, deposit them in rare lands.

Gus was a tramp printer. Bill was a tramp printer. The desire for change had fired them both. They nestled in the corner of the box car as it bumped and rattled over the rails. They fell asleep, dreaming of coconut groves and yellow-walled towns, where Gus would wear a mantle and a sword and be printer to some highness, where Bill could land something soft and simple and colorful.

Awake to Find Car Standing. When they awoke the box car was no longer in motion. Everything was quiet. Gus and Bill crawled forward. "It looks," said Gus, "as if we're on a siding."

"Let's bump off," said Bill. "We must be pretty far along anyway. Maybe we can like the rest of it."

Bill was thinking of the printer's Avalon for which he had set forth. Gus, likewise meditating upon this present realm, slid open the box car door and the two jumped.

"What ho," said Gus, "this is a rummy place."

"What ho," began Bill, when a man bearing a gun appeared.

"Move on," said the man, "get on to your shops or I'll report you."

The man was one of the guards at the Pontiac reformatory. Gus demurred. Bill objected. The guard was firm and strong and furthermore owned a gun. Rubbing their eyes, Gus and Bill staggered forward and found themselves shoved into a line that was forming at the door of a large building.

They found themselves walking in this line, dazed and uncertain, into a shop from which issued a smell of



"Get on to Your Shops or I'll Report You."

varnish and paint. In ten minutes Gus and Bill were properly employed inmates of the Pontiac reformatory, making rattan chairs for something like six cents a day.

"What the—" asked Gus. "Where's the boss?"

"We'll find him," said Bill.

That evening, as the movies have it, Gus and Bill endeavored to gain an audience with the superintendent. Their arguments fraught with wild and angered words, appealed to the guard as irrational. They saw not the superintendent. They received instead a cell, and therein they lay down to meditate upon the whims of fate and the helplessness of man.

Case Drags Along.

For one month Gus and Bill struggled against their strange destiny, their efforts finally attracting the attention of the powers in charge. For another month these powers struggled with the fine legal point which the situation of the two printers offered. For a third month the case hung fire in the prison court. And during this time Gus and Bill had changed from the chair factory into the prison print shop. Here "Jim" Maddigan, in charge of the print shop, fastened an eagle eye upon the two men.

"Where'd you work before they sent you up?" inquired Uncle Jim, who, as one of Chicago's foremost printers here, he took up prison work, is a living encyclopedia of the trade.

"We weren't sent up," replied Gus and for the hundredth time the two unfortunate tramps recited their tale of woe. Uncle Jim hearkened and after indulging in proper laughter at so droll a turn of events championed the cause of Gus and Bill in person.

Gus and Bill are now at liberty, the wheels of justice having finally made the necessary rotations.

CANARY ALIGHTS ON WOMAN'S HAT

Half Frozen Songster Seeks Comfort With Stuffed Birds and Finds Home.

Chicago.—A little canary bird, desperately cold at State and Madison streets, spied two stuffed birds on the top of Mrs. Louis Brock's fur hat. He alighted, found it warm and comfy, and there he stayed. Mrs. Brock, who lives at 6862 Cornell avenue, felt the weight on her head and discovered the bird. She had just lost a little bird named Mike, who was noted in the neighborhood for the way in which he could sing "Dearie, Dearie."

"At first just for a moment I thought it might be Mike come back to me," she said, "but I had buried Mike in



Spied Two Stuffed Birds.

Jackson park, and then dug him up and had him stuffed, and he's on the piano in my parlor now, so I knew it couldn't be Mike. I liked the new bird, though, so I took him into a store to get a cage. I got off at the wrong floor, and the little fellow became frightened and got lost in the draperies section, where he flew about for hours. I got him at last, though, and now I'm going to take him home to take the place of Mike."

Mrs. Brock attained some distinction last year when she undertook to care for Marjorie Debridge, the white child brought up by Mammy Jackson.

TAKES GIRL FROM RIVAL

West Virginian Enforces Demand at Point of Unloaded Gun in Wild West Manner.

Kingwood, W. Va.—Taking his girl out of an automobile from the hands of his rival at the point of a gun and taking her in his own machine was the wild West stunt performed by Leo Brown of Hovesville, near here. Later Brown was arrested and fined by Magistrate W. M. Murdock for carrying concealed weapons.

The girl was Miss Anna Howard, with whom Brown had an appointment to go driving. Instead, she went out with Hunter Perill and another couple. Brown encountered the party on the road and swinging his own machine across the road and blocking it he pulled an old revolver, which was not loaded. He demanded the surrender of his girl, who got out and clambered aboard Brown's machine and together they drove off.

AGED MAN DIGS OWN GRAVE

Falls into It While Removing the Supports and Is Dead When Taken Out.

Rising City, Neb.—It is rarely that a man digs his own grave and more rarely that he is doomed to occupy it as soon as it is dug. Yet Frank Krenk of Able, Neb., did both.

Krenk, who was seventy-five, accompanied by his son-in-law, Joseph Barcal, had just completed digging the grave in the National cemetery here when the accident happened. Krenk, wishing his body to be buried deep at his death, had dug the grave to a depth of more than ten feet. In removing the supports Krenk fell into the grave head foremost, breaking his neck.

He was dead when taken out. He was buried in the grave he had taken so much pains to prepare.

YEA, BOI! COLLEGE FOR HOBOES IS LATEST

Cincinnati.—A college for hoboos! Yeh, that's the latest educational endeavor in this center of social uplift. The college is to be established by the International Hobo College Board, incorporation papers having been taken out. James Eads Howe of St. Louis, known as the millionaire hobo, is one of the incorporators. The purpose of the institution, as set forth in the incorporation papers, is to carry on literary and educational work among the unemployed and to develop their "mental, moral and spiritual forces."



Quite a Zoo of 'Em. Jamle—Gee, your grandma is a spry old lady. Jennie, Well, hadn't she ought to be? Her father lived to be a centaur and her mother was almost a centipede.—St. Louis Republic.

Praises Dodd's Kidney Pills to Friends

Mrs. Julia Browning, of Mulberry Grove, Ill., recently wrote us unsolicited by as follows: "For eight months I suffered with rheumatism and inflammation of the bladder. I had swelling of the limbs, stiffness in the joints and cramps in the muscles. There was a sandy deposit in the urine. My head and back ached. I was tired and nervous and could not sleep, and became exhausted with the least exertion. 'Nothing seemed to do me any good until I saw your ad in the paper. Dodd's Kidney Pills have done me lots of good and I tell all my friends what helped me. I have taken three boxes in all and am greatly benefited. I have got others to use them.' Wise people, like Mrs. Browning, accept no substitute for the old, genuine Dodd's Kidney Pills; their remedial qualities are too well known to thousands of users who have saved themselves from the ravages of kidney troubles and Bright's Disease by the timely use of this famous old remedy.

Knew His Book. Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me where Lake Ontario is? Pupil—Yesum; page 18.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Coated tongue, vertigo and constipation are relieved by Garfield Tea. Adv.

The student who lingers around the foot of the class may eventually become a first-class chiropodist.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect Head Because of its tonic and laxative effect, Laxative Quinine can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. It is only one "Bromo Quinine." R. W. GIBBY, manufacturer, New York.

Sicilian Nut Crop Small.

The crop of almonds this year has been very small in Sicily, being only about 15,000 bags of 220 pounds. There are, however, 40,000 bags remaining from last year. In consequence of the short crop prices have remained high, and buyers are paying 335 lire per bag. At normal exchange the lire is worth 10.3 cents, United States currency.

The flint crop has been abundant this season and is estimated at 150,000 bags of 220 pounds. There is noise of the old crop left. The price is 142 lire a bag.

The new pistachio crop is good and there is a considerable quantity of the old crop still remaining in the shell. The price is about 2s. 6d. (60 cents) a pound.—Commerce Reports.

Falsification. George Cohan was advising an older playwright who had not yet achieved fame.

"You must give the public happy endings," Mr. Cohan said. "A happy ending must be given, even if you have to falsify the truth."

"We all falsify the truth at times. Thus, on the stage, when the actress, their troubles are over, when a real life, of course, it's when it's that their troubles begin."

Not So. He—This is a bare apology for what I did. She—"Tisn't! I dressed it myself."



There is no purer or more healthful food for children than Grape-Nuts. Its natural sweetness appeases the child's appetite for added sugar, and the quantity of milk or cream needed is about half that required for the ordinary cereal.

GRAPE-NUTS IS AN ECONOMICAL FOOD

MUCH IN LITTLE

Modern requirements concrete ing a section less than 14 square or equivalent area ver be used if more than 30

th station at Boston has 60,000 more passengers a the North station.

urers of rubber shoes in ve notified their customers ere of these goods can be r this winter's trade.

A new spare tire rim is hinged at four points so that it can be folded and carried in an automobile tool box.

"The messenger girl," for the first time in the history of the government, has made her appearance on the government pay roll at Washington as a result of the shortage of boys and men in the capital for that work.

Mrs. William Nickerson of Orwell, Vt., has a hen which in the last few weeks has laid two dozen eggs each with a double yolk, the weight of the two dozen being six pounds.

The Mysterious Umbrella

By AURELIEN SCHOLL

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One may not believe in marvelous stories, and at the same time one feels none the less a certain fascination in listening to them. Serious-minded people often take pleasure in going to see a pantomime.

One night several people were dining in a room of a restaurant in the Rue Royale. One of their party, a civil engineer, arrived very late, but his face expressed unusual satisfaction.

"I hope you will pardon me," he said, as he entered. "You were quite right to sit down to table, and I will endeavor to catch up with you. I will tell you presently why I kept you waiting."

When the coffee came on each one hazarded a more or less facetious question relative to its tardiness.

"Have you received an order for a 600-foot tower for the next exposition?"

"Indeed, I have not."

"Are you intrusted with the work on the canal for the Two Seas?"

"They have not done me the honor of thinking about me."

"You've got the contract for the aerial railway from the Arc de Triomphe to the Colonade de Juillet?"

"Nothing of the kind," replied the engineer. "I am happy, I breathe again, I have a lightened heart, because I have just got rid of an umbrella that has haunted me for four years!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed every one with one voice.

And, still out of breath, the engineer told us his story.

"It was on February 29, 18—, I had been to Grenelle to inspect an old quarry which a prominent brewer wished to buy and turn into cellars. I had to study the nature of the ground, the solidity of the props, the ventilating possibilities of the immense galleries. I came out at four o'clock in the afternoon in a pouring rain, and I had rather a long way before me. It was not yet quite dark. A few feet in front of me a woman was walking under a large umbrella. Was she young or old, dark or fair? It was of little consequence to me under the circumstances. She had an umbrella. That was that interested me. I hastened my pace, but she glided



along over thud and the puddles, while each of steps gave a splash. I joined her last, and without any polite preface.

"Madame, did I to her, 'I would like very much to hold your umbrella, because not a word I held you from the wet, I should have a little corner my'."

"At the instant I found the handle of the umbrella in my grasp, but simultaneously the woman had disappeared. I looked around in every direction, I saw nothing! If she had down away would at least have seen a flutter a shadow. But she had left no trace either in earth or air!"

"When I reted Grenelle, in default of a cafe, entered a wine-shop to warm myself while awaiting a carriage or omnibus."

"I would like know," said the fat lady seated at the desk, "if anyone has met her to-day?"

"Oh," said the old woman who wore a cap and who was knitting by the fire, "it is 29th of February. You may be sure has not missed her walk."

"Who?" asked

"Have you jusome from the open country out there?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you see woman, or rather a shadow pass by the quarry?"

"No."

"At these words the umbrella that I had placed in the corner by the door was seized with shiver and fell to the floor."

"But who is this mysterious woman?"

"It is Berthe Abbris, the daughter of an old doctor who died long ago. She was desperately in love with a young man. One day he wanted to get married to someone else, and fearing opposition from her father, he asked her to meet him nightfall in the plain near the quarry. She has never been seen since. Some say that she was assassinated and that the mur-

derer threw her body into a well; others that she threw herself in voluntarily. One thing is certain, that every four years, on the 29th of February, she traverses the plain on her way to the rendezvous, and her passing is always marked by some unusually strange incident, something queer, you know. It is as if she was determined not to be forgotten."

"If it had been anywhere else than in this shop with only the two women for audience, I would have shrugged my shoulders, but curiously got the better of my skepticism."

"Did you ever hear," asked I, "that in bad weather the phantom of Berthe Abbris sometimes lent its umbrella to a soaked pedestrian?"

"The wine-seller burst into a loud laugh."

"I know nothing about it," replied the old woman, "but there are some people who laugh and who won't always laugh."

"At this I rose and went out, leaving the umbrella in the corner where I had placed it. What was my surprise on reaching home to find it in my dining room! It was wide open before the fire drying itself."

"Marguerite," said I to the servant, "did someone come in during my absence?"

"No, monsieur."

"Where did this umbrella come from?"

"I don't know."

"She looked perfectly bewildered. I seized the umbrella and cast it into the depths of a closet, which I double locked."

"The next morning when I came out I found the umbrella in the entry. It had placed itself in the rack between two canes."

"It seems to be obstinate," murmured I, "but it isn't going to have the last word, and as I reached for a cane the handle of the umbrella came into my grasp. I carried it with me with the intention of getting rid of it, even at the cost of a crime. When I got a little way from my door there came a sudden downpour of rain, and I thought to myself with a laugh:

"Is it a barometer as well as an umbrella?"

"I was going to my lawyer's. I deposited the specter-umbrella in the entry, and the clerk showed me into the chief's office. After having discussed the business I had on hand I was making for the door when the lawyer called me back and said:

"You are forgetting your umbrella. What possessed you," he added, "to stand it in your hat?"

"In fact, I perceived my hat on the carpet, and the umbrella was using it as a basin into which it was dripping. That was too much. I went out without a word and began to feel uneasy. What was I to do? Smash this ridiculous persecutor, and throw its pieces to the winds? But to begin with the thing did not belong to me, and who could say what vengeance it might have brought down on me, charged (as it evidently was), with a mission? What could I do, humble detainee of an umbrella from the other world?"

"My nights became atrocious. If I succeeded in falling asleep for an instant the umbrella appeared to me with a bat's head and flapping wings. To what ruses have I not had recourse in order to rid myself of the persecutions of that accursed object! Once when a little beggar was holding out his hand to me:

"Here," said I, "here is four cents, and besides I will make you a present of this umbrella."

"Thank you, monsieur," cried he. But the umbrella slipped from his fingers. "How heavy it is," cried the little fellow, "I could never carry it!" And as I hastened my steps I saw that the rubber catch had twisted itself around a button on the back of my coat, and that I was trailing the fatal thing like the tail of a kite."

"This misery lasted four years. I was counting on leap-year to put an end to it. February 29! To-day was February 29! I went to the plain of Grenelle at four o'clock in the afternoon. In the middle I thought I saw a shadow. I held out the umbrella, saying: 'Thank you, mademoiselle!' And the umbrella was gently drawn out of my hand and disappeared! My hands were empty, and you see me again happy and light-hearted."

Some days afterward, on meeting the engineer, I asked him for news of the umbrella.

"It has not reappeared," he told me, "but since I no longer possess it I miss it, I call to it, I search for it, I try to bring it back, and I am so bored without it!"

"No-Sleep" Habit.

Many people who have complained that worry prevented them from sleeping have found that their chief worry was the fear that they might not sleep. The best immediate preparation for sleep is the confidence that one will sleep, and indifference if one does not.

Consider some of the faulty mental habits directly affecting sleep itself. First comes the compulsive thought that one must sleep now and the impatient count of the wakeful hours supposed to be irretrievably lost from the coveted number. This insistence in itself precludes sleep. Self-suggestion is of definite value here.

The Garden.

God Almighty first planted a garden; indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiwork. I do hold it in the royal order of gardens there ought to be gardens for all the months of the year.—Bacon.

Her Red Rabbit

By VIRGINIA BLAIR

(Copyright, 1909 by Associated Literary Press.)

The small girl set the red cotton rabbit in the open window, with his nose in a flower pot.

"He's eating grass," she announced, triumphantly.

"That's nice," said the weary woman at the sewing machine. "Only don't let him fall out."

"Of course not," said the small girl. "He'd fall and fall and fall if he did, wouldn't he?"

"Yes, and you'd have to walk and walk downstairs to get him."

"And I'd have to walk and walk up again," said the small girl, fascinated by the reputation, "and walk and walk and walk—"

She stopped her sing-song, and leaned out.

"There's a man down there," she remarked, "a man in a gray hat, and he comes every day."

"Does he?" Her mother's voice was absent-minded. She was so busy. The sun shone on her bent bronze head and brought out the golden lights in the little curls on her broad, white forehead. The small girl's mother was very young, but her eyes were sad.

The small girl made the rabbit prance back and forth and back and forth, and still the man with the gray hat stood on the corner idly.

Then suddenly a dreadful thing happened. The red rabbit, being moved too rapidly on his red cotton legs, lost his balance and fell down the length of the tall tenement.

"Oh," the small girl shrieked, "he's hit the man with the gray hat."

"You'll have to go after him," said her mother, "and come right back."

"I'll walk and walk and walk," sang the small girl as she started.

On the lower landing she met the man in the gray hat. He was big and tall, and the small girl thought that his eyes were beautiful.

"I was coming up," he said.

"Well, you needn't now," the small girl told him, "and thank you for my rabbit."

She held out her hands for it. "Thank you," she said, gravely, when she had it safely tucked under her arm.

She turned to make the long climb upward and then, struck suddenly by



Stared at Him Like One Who Sees a Ghost.

a thought, she asked him: "What makes you come and stand on the corner every day?"

He laughed. "I'm looking for some one," he said, "some one who is hidden in some of these big houses on this big street—and I can't find her."

"Oh, is it a fairy story?" asked the small girl, eagerly, and she sat down on the step and spread out her small short skirts sociably.

"Yes, it's a fairy story," he said, and sat down beside her, "and I am hunting for the castle where the princess is imprisoned, and I'm the poor knight who has wandered and wandered, and can't find her."

"But some day you will find her," comforted the small person, "and you'll give her a kiss, and you'll live happy ever after."

"I'm not so sure," said the rueful knight, "that she'll let me kiss her."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, the princess and the knight quarreled awfully, and the princess ran away from him and said she would never come back."

"Oh," gasped the small girl, "that's different from any fairy tale I ever heard."

"Yes, it's different."

"Did the princess have golden hair?" the small girl demanded, eager for details.

"No, but it was brown with golden lights, and with little curls on her forehead."

"Like mother's," said the small girl, happily.

"Like—" He caught his breath and looked at her closely.

Then he put a finger under her chin and turned her little face up to him. Such a baby face—but with the firm chin, the deep gray eyes, the broad low brow of the woman he loved.

"Baby," he whispered, "what is your name?"

"Lucille Dudley Morse."

"My God—" He was crushing her in his arms, red rabbit and all, until she gave a little squeal of protest. Then he said: "Beg pardon," and set her down.

"Come," he took her small hand in

his, "we will go up and see your mother."

But the small girl shook her head. "You mustn't," she said. "Mother doesn't have time for visitors, she's so busy. If she doesn't sew we can't have supper, you know. At least, mother can't, but just the red rabbit and me, and we only have bread. But when she sews hard all day we have soup sometimes and meat, and one day we had tarts."

He stood looking down at her a moment. "What are you going to have to-night?" he asked.

"I'm not sure," said the small girl, "but I guess it's just bread."

"You run along up to your mother," he told her, abstractedly. "Good-by; I'll see you again."

"He said he'd see me again," the small girl told her mother, who was waiting anxiously at the top of the stairs.

"Who?"

"The man with the gray hat. He's a knight looking for a princess, and they quarreled and she ran away—and he hugged me when I told him my name."

Her mother caught her breath quickly. "What did he look like?"

"He had nice eyes," said the small girl, meditatively, "and he was big and tall."

"Oh," the little mother's face was white, "he mustn't come here—he mustn't."

But he did come, and behind him a colored waiter bore a tray loaded with good things.

The little mother stared at him like one who sees a ghost. "Why have you come?" she asked.

"Hush!" He glanced at the man who was setting the tray on the table. "Let me give the child a feast, and after that, if you think best, I will go."

The small girl clapped her hands.

"Mother, mother," she cried, "there's chicken and everything!"

They ate and drank, the small girl rapturously stuffing herself and the red rabbit, the other two with little appetite.

And when they had finished the woman said: "You must go now—at once."

"I shall not go," he said, "until I speak of the lies that have been told you."

"Lies?" Her startled eyes questioned him.

"Oh, my dear," he came over and took her hands, "why didn't you trust me? Why didn't you come to me and tell me the stories that those relatives of mine had told? Couldn't you see that if they got my wife out they could combine to live on my money, and have the comforts I had always provided?"

"But they said you loved—some one else."

"I have loved only you," he said, and his eyes met her very gravely. "They told me things of you, too. That you did not care for me, and that was why I let you go. And you did not tell me of the child?"

"Oh, no," she breathed, "I could not."

"And so for five years you have struggled." His voice broke. "And until last month, when I shut up the big house, after my sister's death, I came across your little diary far back in your desk, and in it I read—what you have thought—how you have loved me—dear."

She was sobbing now in his arms, and the sound attracted the attention of the small girl, who with the red rabbit had been finishing the sweets.

"You've made her cry," she reproached him.

"But we are going to be happy ever after," he said as he clasped her close. "I have found my princess, baby."

FLAW IN THE SELF-SATISFIED

Writer Sees Little to Admire in That Particular Class of Human Beings.

A distinguished preacher and author, himself a Unitarian, remarked recently in an address to Unitarians that they were usually the most self-satisfied people that he ever met. It was a casual remark and perhaps neither he nor those who heard it appreciated its full significance. However, the preacher was probably thinking not so much of Unitarians as of a certain kind of person often found in this neighborhood, and not necessarily professing any particular form of religion. We all know the type. When a man invariably has money in the bank, and is respectable and respected, was graduated at Harvard, has a decorous wife and children, has never been carried away by any passion or enthusiasm, knows the right people, and conforms strictly to the customs of good society, and when this sort of thing has been going on for, perhaps, two or three generations, then there is apt to creep into the heart of a bronze statue. Such persons are really degenerates of their peculiar kind and need to be saved, perhaps by desperate measures. Let them elope with the cook; let them get religion of a violent kind, and if they cannot get religion, let them get a dog, give him the run of the house, love him and spoil him, and so, perchance, by the blessing of Providence their salvation may be effected.—Henry C. Merwin, in the Atlantic.

Golfing Back.

"I suppose," said the seeker for a crest and a family tree, "that way back in the William the Conqueror's time some of my ancestors very likely got shot in the wars." "They didn't get shot much at that early date," explained the family tracer. "Back of the fourteenth century they were mostly

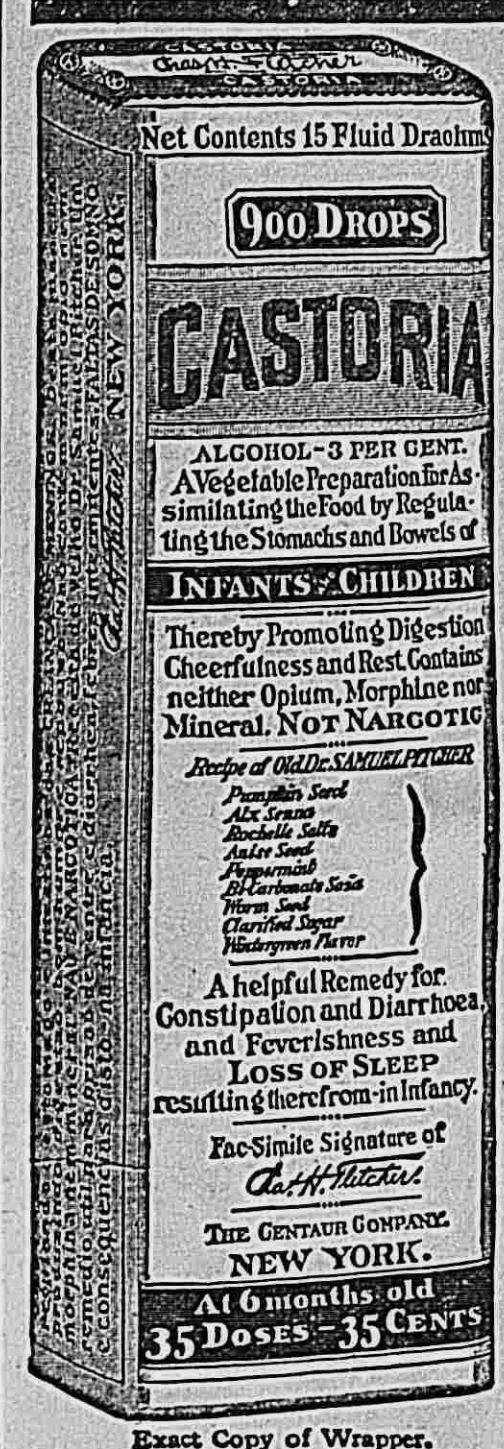
RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ½ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Three cheers for a wet day in a dry town.

The elevator boy is always ready to give a man a lift.

You can't skin a cat with a safety razor.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature

of

Dr. J. C. Hatcher

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

As Age Advances the Liver Requires

occasional slight stimulation.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

correct CONSTIPATION

Colorless or Pale Faces usually indicate the absence of Iron in the blood, a condition which will be greatly helped by Carter's Iron Pills

Results Count! Read this!

You can't afford to keep "Just Cows" today. You must have good cows.

The Shortcut to Greater Dairy Profits is a Pure Bred HOLSTEIN BULL

For Your Herd Sire

You can grade up and in a short time have a valuable herd of profitable cows. Others have done it, others are doing it. So can you.

Write us for booklets. We have nothing to sell—all information FREE

The Holstein-Friesian Association of America Box 312, Brattleboro, Vt.

Baby's Underwear.

Small Bobby was telling his mother about a parade he had just seen. He picked up a shoe box, and, beating it with a stick, marched round the room, explaining that he was a band.

His younger brother, who had never seen a parade, also bent on a box and, as he followed Bobby, remarked: "Mother, I'm a shirt."

Take care of your health and wealth will take care of you. Garfield Tea promotes health. Adv.

The Proof of It.

"Marriage must be a failure."

"How do you make that out?"

"From the obvious fact that every single woman is mis-mated when she's married."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels. Ad.

When a woman takes a man into her confidence he is up against the worst kind of confidence game.

It is easy to make both ends meet when the financial end isn't short.

They only babble who practice not reflection.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No stinging—no eye comfort. 20 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Brochure. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

37% More For Your Money

Get the Genuine

CASCARA QUININE

No advance in price for this 20-year-old remedy—25c for 24 tablets—Some cold tablets now 30c for 24 tablets—Figured on proportionate cost-per-tablet, you save 95c when you buy Hill's—Cures Cold

in 24 hours—grip in 3 days—Money back if it fails. 24 Tablets for 25c. At any Drug Store

WATER

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THE ANTIOCH NEWS

A. B. JOHNSON, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY 5c.

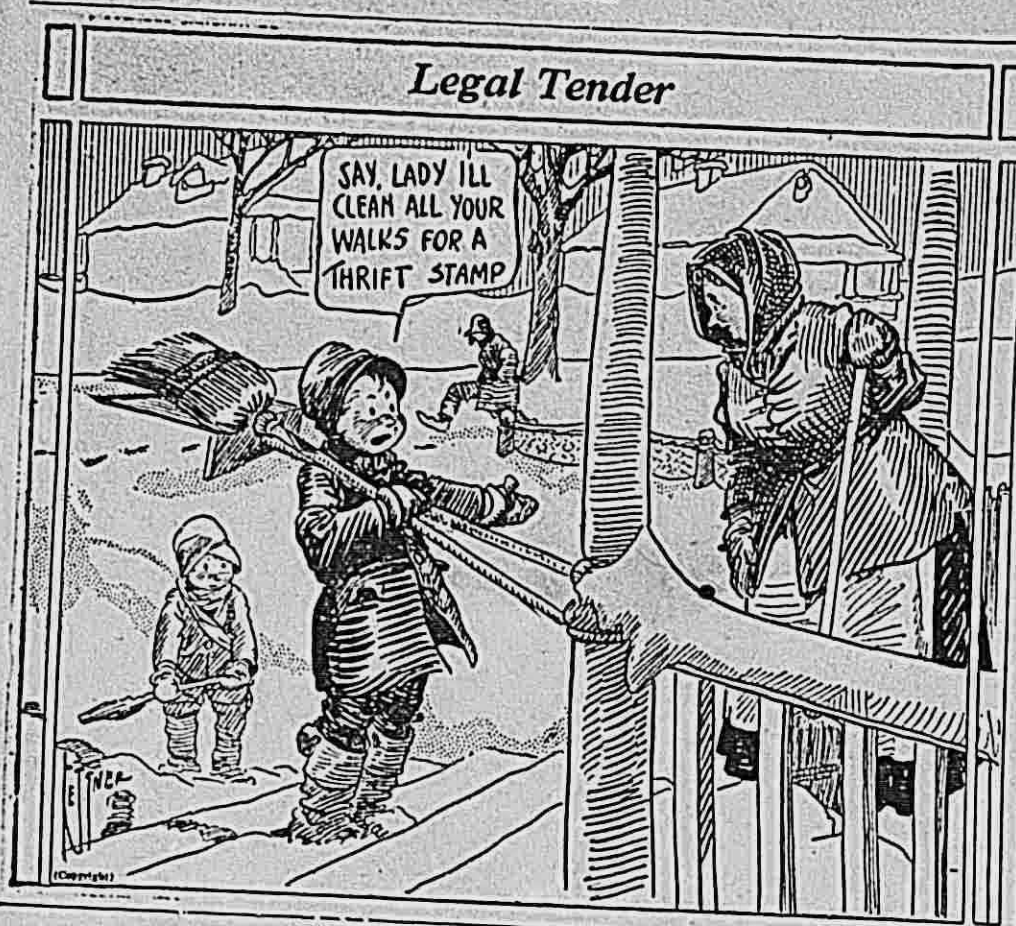
ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED UPON APPLICATION

TELEPHONE 149-J



"OUR FLAG"

Legal Tender



Illinois Short on Seed Corn

Illinois has a serious seed-corn situation. The census of corn fit for seed, just completed by the Food, Fuel and Conservation Committee of the State Council of Defense, shows that unless extraordinary efforts are made to get seed and to conserve all that is available, nothing like the normal acreage can be planted this year. Without co-operation on the part of those who have good seed corn and those who need it, some of the experts estimate that a third of the usual corn area will have to be planted to other crops.

The State Council has already taken the initial steps to get a sufficient supply of seed. William G. Eckhardt, Farm Adviser for Dekalb county, has been appointed Seed Corn Administrator for the state. He will be advised and supported by a committee made up of Eugene Funk, Chairman, Shirley H. J. Sconce, President, Illinois Seed Corn Association, Sidel: John M. Crebs, Banker and Farmer, Carmi; J. F. Prather, Chairman, Advisory Committee of the State Board of Agriculture, Williams-ville; Charles Adkins, Director of Agriculture and W. F. Handschin, Director County Agents' Work, College of Agriculture, Urbana.

The Administrator and the committee will be charged with the business of securing and distributing seed to the state.

To begin, the local committees of the Food, Fuel and Conservation committee has been instructed to learn how much corn each county has that will grow and whether it is segregated as seed corn or cribbed.

The plan is for each county to supply its own local demand first. Wherever there are shortages, the local committees are instructed to secure from each farmer his order for the required supply. The orders will be filled by the central office with the best seed that can be obtained.

A particular effort will be made to locate all surplus stocks of seed. Mr. Handschin, of the committee, has had a force of men at work for the past two weeks making tests of corn thought to be available. The Administrator will purchase good corn, fit for seed, wherever it can be found, for distribution in unsupplied communities. Every precaution will be taken to prevent price boosting on the part of those who have good seed.

"We have a big job on hand, and the consequences will be serious if it is not well done," Administrator Eckhardt said, speaking of the situation. "We must first stir up the farmers to help themselves. Local committees must urge those of their own communities to use every available ear to supply local needs. And we want the co-operation of all interests—the farm press, the state university, the county advisers, the Farmers' Institute, the State Department of Agriculture and the elevator companies as well as the farmers themselves."

It is desired that each farmer in the state shall test his own corn, at once and preferably by the single ear method. Those who have a surplus should notify the state administrator; those who are short should get their orders in early.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS, ANTIOCH, ILL.

Save

1-wheat

use more corn

2-meat

use more fish & beans

3-fats

use just enough

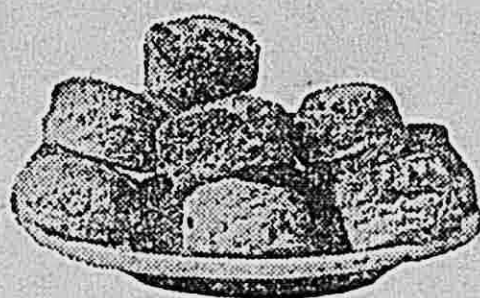
4-sugar

use syrups

and serve
the cause of freedom

U. S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION

WHEATLESS BISCUITS.



Parched cornmeal is the feature of these excellent wheatless biscuits. First, the cornmeal—one-half a cup—is put in a shallow pan placed in the oven and stirred frequently until it is a delicate brown. The other ingredients are a teaspoon of salt, a cup of peanut butter and one and a half cups of water. Mix the peanut butter, water and salt and heat. While this mixture is hot stir in the meal thoroughly. The dough should be of such consistency that it can be dropped from a spoon. Bake in small cakes in an ungreased pan. This makes 10 biscuits, each of which contains one-sixth of an ounce of protein.

DELICIOUS CORN MUFFINS.



Here's an old fashioned recipe for corn muffins that has recently been revived and used with unusual success in several of the larger New York hotels. To make three and a half dozen muffins take one quart milk, six ounces butter substitute, twelve ounces of light syrup or honey, four eggs, pinch of salt, two ounces baking powder, one and a half pounds cornmeal and one and a half pounds rye flour. The butter and syrup should be thoroughly mixed; then add the eggs gradually. Pour in the milk and add the rye flour mixed with cornmeal and baking powder.

FACE the FACTS

LET us face the facts. The war situation is critical. Unless the Allies fight as they never yet have fought, defeat threatens. Hungry men cannot fight at their best; nor hungry nations. France, England, and Italy are going hungry unless we feed them.

Wheat Savings.—They must have wheat. It is the best food to fight on. It is the easiest to ship. We alone can spare it to them. By saving just a little—less than a quarter of what we ate last year—we can support those who are fighting our battles. And we can do it without stinting ourselves. We have only to substitute another food just as good.

The Corn of Plenty.—Corn is that food. There's a surplus of it. Providence has been generous in the hour of our need. It has given us corn in such bounty as was never known before. Tons of corn. Trainloads of corn. Five hundred million bushels over and above our regular needs. All we have to do is to learn to appreciate it. Was ever patriotic duty made so easy? And so clear?

America's Own Food.—Corn! It is the true American food. The Indians, hardest of races, lived on it. Our forefathers adopted the diet and conquered a continent. For a great section of our country it has long been the staff of life. How well the South fought on it, history tells. Now it can help America win a world war.

Learn Something.—Corn! It isn't one food. It's a dozen. It's a cereal. It's a vegetable. It's a bread. It's a dessert. It's nutritious; more food value in it, dollar for dollar, than meat or eggs or most other vegetables. It's good to eat; how good you don't know until you've had corn-bread properly cooked. Best of all, it's plentiful and it's patriotic.

Corn's Infinite Variety.—How much do you know about corn? About how good it is? About the many delicious ways of cooking it? And what you miss by not knowing more about it? Here are a few of its uses:

There are at least fifty ways to use corn meal to make good dishes for dinner, supper, lunch or breakfast. Here are some suggestions:

HOT BREADS

Boston brown bread.
Hoecake.
Muffins.
Biscuits.
Griddle cakes.
Waffles.

DESSERTS

Corn-meal molasses cake.
Apple corn bread.
Dumplings.
Gingerbread.
Fruit gems.

HEARTY DISHES

Corn-meal croquettes. Corn-meal fish balls.
Meat and corn-meal dumplings.
Italian polenta. Tamales.
The recipes are in Farmers' Bulletin 565, "Corn Meal as a Food and Ways of Using It," free from the Department of Agriculture.

This Is Our Winter of Test

SERVING food is a local problem for each community. Prices and definite rules for every one cannot be formulated. It is a duty for each one to eat only so much as is necessary to maintain the human body healthy and strong. This winter of 1918 is the period when it is to be tested here in America whether our people are capable of voluntary individual sacrifice to save the world. That is the purpose of the organization of the United States Food Administration—by voluntary effort to provide the food that the world needs.

U. S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION

NEED BIG HERDS

Europe's Meat Supply Must Come From America.

Warring Nations Have Depleted Live Stock at Enormous Rate, Even Killing Dairy Cattle For Food

American stock breeders are being asked to conserve their flocks and herds in order to meet Europe's tremendous demands for meats during the war and probably for many years afterward.

The United States food administration reports that American stock raisers have shown a disposition to co-operate with the government in increasing the nation's supply of live stock.

Germany today is probably better supplied with live stock than any other European nation. When the German armies made their big advance into France and then retreated virtually all the cattle in the invaded territory—approximately 1,800,000 head—were driven behind the German lines.

But in England—where 2,400,000 acres of pasture lands have been turned into grain fields—the cattle herds are decreasing rapidly. One of the reasons apparently is the declining maximum price scale adopted by the English as follows: For September,

\$17.70 per 100 pound October, \$17.25; November and December, \$10.05; January, \$14.40. The effect of these prices was to drive beef herds on the market as soon as possible.

In France the number of cattle as well as the quality have shown an enormous decline since the war. Where France had 807,000 head of cattle in 1913, she has only 12,341,000, a decrease 10.6 per cent. And France is today producing only one gallon of milk compared to two and one-half gallons before the war.

Denmark and Holland have been forced to sacrifice their herds for beef because of the lack of necessary feed. Close study of the European meat situation has convinced the Food Administration that the future production of meat products and dairy products rather than in the production of cereals is export when the war will have ended.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT HELPS PAFOR BREAD

There has been much misunderstanding about the bread program in England. It is true that the Englishman buys a loaf of bread for less than an American can, but it is poorer bread, and the British government is paying \$200,000,000 a year toward the cost of it.

All the grain grown in Great Britain is taken over by the government at an arbitrary price and the imported wheat purchased on the markets at the prevailing market price. This is turned over to the bakers by the government at a price that allows the adulterated war bread of four pounds to sell at 18 cents and two pound loaf at 9 cents and three pound loaf at 6 cents.

In France, under conditions somewhat similar, with a larger extraction, the four pound loaf sells for 10 cents.

MAKING MEAT LESS PERMANENT.

In the wheatless menu there is a fertile field for developing new and nourishing dishes, according to E. H. Niles, writing in the *Hill Gazette*, who believes that the present shortage of meat and fats will not end with the coming of peace, but may grow more acute and continue for five or six years, thus making it worth while to develop menus of grain, vegetables and fish on a more or less permanent basis. Meat can be replaced by cereals and other protein foods, or may be served in very small portions as a flavoring for other food. In making up meatless menus as author finds our American Creole and southern cuisine a broad field for investigation.

Local and Personal Happenings

Sheriff Griffin was in Antioch visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. A. Bock entertained the 500 Club Tuesday afternoon.

Complete new lot of fountain pens at King's drug store.

Earl Somerville spent over Sunday with his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Bock spent Sunday with relatives in Kenosha.

Mrs. J. J. Mory and Mrs. Claude Hogan spent over Sunday in Chicago.

Mrs. V. Babor left on Monday to spend a week or two with Chicago relatives.

Misses Mary and Edie Wilton spent the latter part of last week in Waukegan.

Miss Louise Hillbrand accompanied her friend, Mrs. Thomas of Iowa, as far as Chicago Tuesday.

A number of the young people held a dance in the Woodman hall Friday evening. All reported a fine time.

John Thayer left this (Thursday) morning for California, where he expects to spend the remainder of the winter.

The case of Mecklenburg vs. Jyrch as heard in the village hall last Saturday afternoon and was dismissed on the grounds of no cause for action.

A letter has been received here from R. Freeman, former principal of the grade school, telling of the death of Mrs. Freeman which occurred on New Year's day.

Among the cases dismissed by Judge Johnson in the County Court Wednesday was that of the Village of Antioch vs. Maurice Lux, which was dismissed for want of prosecution.

The usual services were held at the E. church Sunday morning, but on account of the shortage of coal there were no services in the evening. The church League however held its meeting at the parsonage.

The Antioch merchants observed the Monday closing order a letter and the lid was washed down to tight all the afternoon but we understand Wm. Hancock couldn't buy a cigar.

The merchants of Antioch have formed among themselves an organization known as the "Antioch Retailers' Association." The object of this association is to cut out the extension of credit. Hereafter a thirty days credit will allow. This association is entirely independent of the Antioch Commercial Alliance.

Who says the job of a haringer of early spring? Wouldn't be fooled into thinking that it is here if you go to the city by Cey Smith's hotel at Channahon and Mr. Robin Red.

Feast singing in branches of one of the Y's in that yard, for he has been here all year and is as portly as a pig.

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Jas. Wilton was in Waukegan Friday.

Wm. Ziegler was a Waukegan visitor Monday.

Mr. Vac. Babor transacted business in Chicago Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Pearl Fillweber entertained the Cinch Club, Wednesday afternoon.

Jesse and William King of West Allis spent over Sunday with their mother here.

Mrs. C. E. Kelly was called to Chicago Wednesday by the death of a friend, Mrs. Stauter.

Mrs. Howard Hadlock and grandson returned Tuesday after spending several days with Waukegan relatives.

Lloyd Billett is now enrolled in the service of Uncle Sam, and is at present in training at Jefferson Barracks.

Mrs. Johnson is at present laid up with a dislocated shoulder as the result of a fall down the basement stairs.

Mrs. J. Pacini entertained at a spaghetti dinner for the benefit of the U. S. A. Relief Club for Home Boys this Thursday noon.

Mrs. Bertha James Gilbert spent the latter part of last and the fore part of this week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. James at this place.

For the benefit of our friends in the south, let us mention that last Friday morning the thermometer registered 20 below, and on Wednesday morning it stood at 11 below.

Mrs. Lewis Barnstable who has been visiting relatives here for the past month left Wednesday for Kenosha where she will join her husband who has secured a position in one of the leading industries there and expect to make their home there in the future.

Mrs. Ernest Simons and Mrs. Chase Webb entertained a few friends at the home of Mrs. Webb last Friday afternoon, it being their birthday anniversary. The afternoon was spent in playing 600, after which refreshments were served. All present spent a very enjoyable afternoon.

Gurnee school was closed Thursday for the purpose of fumigation, following the illness of Edna McCullough, daughter of Supervisor and Mrs. Geo. McCullough. The girl attended school Friday and on Saturday became ill with pneumonia-meningitis, not considered epidemic. A trained nurse is attending Miss McCullough.

Included in the program of the entertainment which will be given at the Majestic theater, on Monday evening, Jan. 28 are the following numbers: Piano duets, two pianos, Mrs. F. Girard and Mrs. R. T. Morgan. Vocal solos, Mrs. N. Farnum and Mrs. L. Hughes. Cornet duet, Mr. Nichols and Rev. Pollock. Violin solo, Mr. Bragg. Readings, Miss Ruth Raymond. Musical sketch by the Boy Scouts. Admission 15 and 25 cents.

A startling accident happened to J. W. VanPatten last Wednesday morning as he was in the act of feeding his chickens. John was bending down to pass out a pan of hot bran mash to the eager fowls, when the long geared rooster who presides over the flock reached up and grabbed him by the nose. John squaked some and yelled for help, but before Mrs. V. arrived with the broom, the rooster he let go in a hurry. There were no marks left as the result of the attack, but that rooster nose better to ever try such a stunt a second time.—Chetek Alert.

The Exemption Board has issued a complete list of those who have not called for questionnaires and among them are the names of five young men each of whose address is given as Antioch. They are as follows: James Henry Caple, Joseph Kozelsky, Marvin Montague, John Nagaszyk and Walszus Padoszski. The friends of these men are urged to round them up at once, or to send in their correct addresses, as the names of all those who are not located will be turned over to the police for a "roundup" as a last resort.

Persons holding Marquette Cement sacks purchased of us must return same by Feb. 1, 1918. After this date no credit will be allowed for them.

H. R. Adams & Co.

Not Necessary.

No wife's relative ever required forcible feeding.—Ohio State Journal.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Highway Commissioner for the town of Antioch, subject to the will of the majority at the coming town caucus.

Wm. Gray.

I wish to inform my friends that I will be a candidate for the office of Highway Commissioner at the coming town meeting, to be held on Saturday, March 16, 1918, and ask your support.

Barney Trieger.

I will be a candidate, at the coming Town meeting, for the office of Highway Commissioner and would ask my friends for their support, and assuring them, that if nominated, I will try to serve every locality to the best of my ability.

Mike M. Burke.

CLASSIFIED

DEPARTMENT

FOR SALE—A cutter in first class condition. Inquire of Ollie Hoyer.

FOR SALE—A set of good heavy, one-horse bobs. Inquire of Chase Webb.

FOR SALE—Single buggy and harness, good as new. Dr. Turner.

FOUND—On the Pikeville road, a pair of leather mittens. Finder can have same by proving property and paying for this notice.

FOR SALE—An 80 acre farm, under good state of cultivation, near village of Antioch. Inquire of Cyrus Procter.

FOR SALE—Two lots, in the Craig addition in the Village of Antioch \$155 per lot. Sewer taxes paid in full. Inquire of Bert Feltham.

FOR SALE—Good house and two lots 66x193 each, hot water plant, electric lights, good well and cistern and good drainage. Located in the Village of Antioch. For further particulars see Mr. and Mrs. Jacob King.

WANTED—Musicians and beginners for the Antioch band. We have some of the old band instruments to lend and a bargain in silver plated French horn and a Saxophone. Come to the village hall Thursday evening.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—For Ford car: 1000 shares of Pioneer Consolidate; 2000 shares of Yellow Tiger gold mine stock; 2000 shares of Pioneer Extension, to settle estate. Address J. F. Kramer, 489 Jefferson St. Elgin, Ill.

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R. R. TIME TABLE

Leave Antioch 10:50 A. M.

For Burlington, Wis.

C. G. Foltz Co.

Dry Goods, Clothing,

Carpets and Rugs

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

Sale in our

Bargain Basement

All Odd Garments at

Greatly Reduced Prices

Do Not Miss This

SPECIAL SALE

Train Leaves Burlington

for Antioch 4:04 P. M.

MAJESTIC THEATER

Saturday, Jan. 26,

Anthony Noville

in

Between Savage

and Tiger

Musty Suffer Comedy

Sunday, Jan. 27,

Marguerite Clark

in

Snow White

Wednesday, Jan. 30,

Kathlyn Williams and Theo.

Holding

in

Redeeming Love

In the G of Fea

By HAROLD CAMP

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. C.)

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EVEN THE CHILDREN WEAR MASKS IN REIMS



The clouds of asphyxiating gases with which the Teutons drench the cities are no respecters of persons, even the little children in the districts close to the fighting lines must wear masks to protect themselves from the gas. The tots in this group on their way to school in Reims all provided with masks.

AIR FEATS OF THE LAFAYETTE MEN

Walcott, Since Shot Down Over German Lines, Tells of Comrades Daring.

MAKES DIVE OF 10,000 FEET

Aviator Reaches Ground Safely Although All the Wires on His Machine Are Loosened—Spend Holiday in Air.

Washington.—Word pictures of the work of the members of the Lafayette Squadron and other American aviators in France are given in letters which Dr. Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, has received from his son, E. S. Walcott, who is now in the air.

Dr. Walcott has received a dispatch from Paris informing him that his son fell while fighting three single-seaters, after having demolished an enemy two-seater, and that his fate is uncertain. Inquiries are being made to ascertain, if possible, from Germany whether young Walcott was seriously injured or not.

In a letter dated November 13, in response to an inquiry about Campbell, an aviator from Chicago, who was reported lost, young Walcott wrote as follows: "Campbell was in the Lafayette Squadron, and they are a member of the same group as Squadron 84, so I have asked them about him. He was on a patrol with another chap; they attacked some Boches, and when it was over the other chap was alone. Campbell was brought down in German territory and reported missing. I believe the chap he was with has seen and talked to Campbell's father or some close relative since."

"Another chap named Bulkely was brought down in similar circumstances about the 1st of September. Ten days ago word was received from the American embassy that he had communicated with them, a prisoner in Germany."

"There are many similar cases where men brought down with crippled machines, or wounded, escaped destruction by a miracle. The only sure thing is when a machine goes down in flames or is seen to lose a wing or two. "For instance, there are two officers in the group who are in the best of health and daily working. Several months ago they were on patrol together and collided in the air. One machine cut the tail rigging completely off the other plane, and then they separated, one plane without a tail and the other machine with various parts of a tail mixed among the cables and struts of one side of his machine. They both landed in France, one on his wheels, followed by a capotage, or somersault turnover, the other quite completely upside down. Then a term in the hospital, and back they are again."

"Kenneth Murr, an American and a friend of Pete's, had the commands of both his controls cut in a combat, the rudder and elevator, leaving him nothing but the ailerons, the lateral balance control, and the motor. He landed with only a skinned nose for casualties, and got a decoration for it."

Dives Vertically 10,000 Feet. "Another chap, in an attack on captive balloons, dived for something like 10,000 feet vertically and with full motor on, thereby gaining considerable speed, as you can imagine. He came right on top of the balloon, shot and, to keep from hitting it, yanked as roughly as he could, flattening out his dive in the merest fraction of a second. Imagine the strain on the machine! When he got home all the wires had several inches sag in them; the metal connections of the cables in the struts and wood of the wings had bit into the wood enough to give the sag."

"Machines are built to stand im-

mense pressure on the under side of their wings. In some acrobatic maneuvers I was trying the other day made mistakes and caused the machine to stall and then fall in such a way that the full weight was supported by the upper surface—by the wires. In most machines are supposed means to support the weight of the machine when the machine is on the ground.

"Yes, the Spad is a well-built machine, the nearest thing to perfect in point of strength, speed, and climbing power I've seen yet, of course, and that's why they put 150-horsepower in them. The other school of thought of a light machine with a light motor, depending for its success on lack of weight rather than excess of power, may supplant the heavier machine in time; I can't tell."

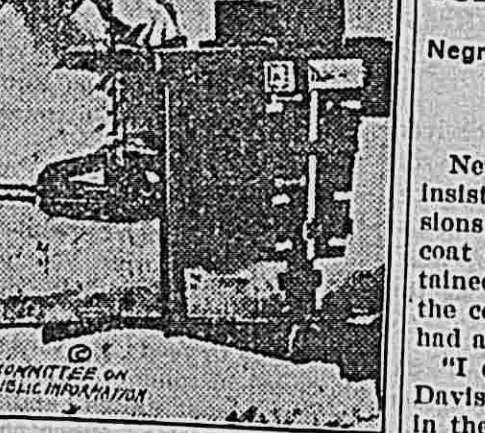
"Yesterday there was a review here in honor of Guyonnet, and decorations for the pilots of the group who had won them. Three Americans received the Croix de Guerre—members of the Lafayette Squadron. Lufbery, the American ace, carried the American flag presented to the squadron by Mrs. McAdoo and the employees of the aviation department, besides the two aviation emblems of France. He was called to receive his decoration for having in the course of one day held seven combats, descended (six) one German plane in flames, and forced five others to land behind their lines, (which means that he is officially credited with one—his thirteenth—and that the other five, though probably brought down, do not count for him because there were not the necessary witnesses required by the French regulations.)

"Aviators are not very military. The chief of one of the squadrons was commissioned to command the mechanics, who are plain soldiers with rifles and steel helmets, for the occasion. He is a bit of a clown and amused the entire gathering, kidding with the officers. The pilots of each of the five squadrons were in more or less formation, most of them with hands in their pockets, for it was chilly, and presenting a mixture of uniforms unparalleled in its heterogeneity. Every branch of the service represented endless personal ideas in dress."

Spent Their Holiday in the Air.

"Because of the occasion, repose had been granted to the entire group for the afternoon, another group taking over our patrols. So that after the review every one had the afternoon to himself."

AN AIRPLANE CAMERA

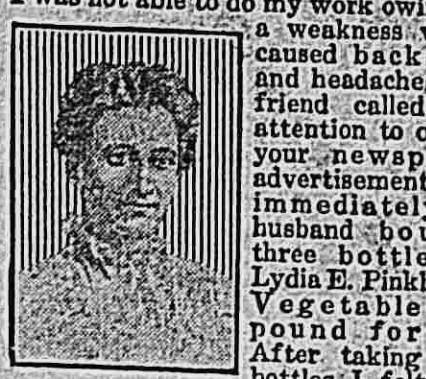


This type of camera which no doubt will be used by American aviation corps men for reconnaissance work is operated by the pulling of strings or the pressing of buttons. The camera is set in advance and the entire operation of taking the picture is the pressing of the button or the pulling of the strings. The camera makes an almost perfect view of the terrain and will be invaluable in the reconnaissance work of the army. The camera is loaded with plates and a number of pictures can be taken successively without additional work. A British royal flying corps man is in the machine.

HUSBAND SAVES WIFE

From Suffering by Giving Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"For many months I was not able to do my work owing to a weakness which caused backache and headaches. A friend called my attention to one of your newspaper advertisements and immediately I bought three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me. After taking two bottles I felt fine and my troubles caused by that weakness are a thing of the past. All women who suffer as I did should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."



Mrs. JAS. ROUBENBERG, 620 Knapp St., N. E., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Women who suffer from any form of weakness, as indicated by displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues," should accept Mrs. Rohrborg's suggestion and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a thorough trial.

For over forty years it has been correcting such ailments. If you have mysterious complications write for advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

BLACK LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED BY CUTTER'S BLACKED PILLS

"Am I the first girl you have loved?" "Oh, no. You are about the tenth, and my taste has improved right along."

"Cold in the Head"

Is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the System, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. All Druggists sell. Testimonials on file. \$1.00 for any case of catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

He Knew Her.

She—I've had that parrot two years and it has never said a word. He—Why don't you give it a chance?

Cuticura Stops Itching.

The Soap to cleanse and Ointment to soothe and heal most forms of itching, burning skin and scalp affections. Ideal for toilet use. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

True.

"He means well."

"Half the world's disasters are caused by men who mean well."

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

will quiet your cough, soothe the inflammation of a sore throat and lungs, stop irritation in the bronchial tubes, insure a good night's rest, free from coughing and with easy expectation in the morning. Made and sold in America for fifty-two years. A wonderful prescription, assisting Nature in building up your general health and throwing off the disease. Especially useful in lung trouble, asthma, croup, bronchitis, etc. For sale in all civilized countries.—Adv.

Punctuality.

"Telephone service prompt?" "Parts of it. The bills always get around on time."

Body Terribly Swollen

Mr. Madara's Condition Was Critical Until Doan's Were Used. Health Was Restored.

"For six months I couldn't walk. I was so swollen as the result of kidney trouble," says Geo. T. Madara, 15 Mt. Vernon Ave., Pittman Grove, Camden, N. J.: "Backache drove me nearly wild and big lumps formed over each kidney. I bled until I weighed 407 pounds and I was a sight to behold. The water in my system pressed around my heart and I sometimes felt as if I was being strangled. The kidney secretions were scanty and contained a thick sediment."

"No one can imagine how I suffered. I finally went to the hospital, but when an operation was suggested I would not consent and came home."

"I heard how Doan's Kidney Pills had helped others, so I discarded all the other medicines and started taking them. The second day I began to improve and as I continued, my back stopped aching and the swelling went down. The other kidney troubles left, too, and I was soon as well as ever."

Sworn to before me.

Philip Schmitz, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



"My Wife!" Gaped Charlie.

could raise seven hundred dollars they saw their way clear. Seven hundred? They might as well have cried for seventy thousand.

Then Cynthia had done a daring thing. She had seen an advertisement for a young woman of courage—Cynthia felt sure she had courage—to play a small part in the circus. Cynthia thought it was with the lions. She had gone, and had found herself one of five hundred applicants. There were tall girls and short girls, stout and thin girls, spruce girls and slatternly ones—but she—she was the one picked by the manager.

Indeed there was nothing strange about that, for she had that air and breeding which were a sine qua non for the task. But Cynthia thought it was a miracle.

She was to be strapped into an automobile which looped the loop every night. And for the five minutes which the whole duty required she was to receive fifty dollars nightly for three weeks—in all nine hundred dollars.

"There ain't no risk at all," the manager explained. "We've tried it a hundred times. I'll show you."

Cynthia saw the old performer, who as retiring that week, go through the performance. When the girl came off from her terrifying ride, she was alive and shaking.

"Lost her nerve," the manager exclaimed. "They all do sooner or later. Let's try for the next one. No, I don't know why it is. They don't mind it a first week or two, but a month's out the limit for all of 'em. However, the show moves South in three days, and I ain't going to take you to us, because your time to lose your nerve would come as soon as we'd get to Cuba. So it's just three weeks. Are you on?"

Cynthia was "on." But, after she signed her agreement and told the hardest task lay before

TO L HOLES IN GLASS

Copper With a Mixture of Emery or Will Do the Work Well and Quickly.

Following is a satisfactory method of drilling holes in glass: Take a piece of straight copper the size hole that it is required to drill. Tubing should have a wall of sixteenth of an inch or more thickness, depending upon the size. The tube is set up in a drill and driven at a speed corresponding to that of a twist drill of the size. The tube is fed down on glass with an intermittent move and a mixture of emery and dropped on to the glass at the where the hole is to be drilled. A ring has been cut in this on one side the work is turned and the drilling completed on the opposite side. This will be chipping the glass when the hole is on the opposite side. The tapping is soft, so that it holds the tube and as copper is an excellent conductor of heat it draws the heat from the glass, preventing it from cracking. An idea of the way in which holes can be drilled this way may be gathered from the fact that a five-eighths-inch hole can be drilled through an ordinary sheet of window glass in seven minutes.

First Aid.

"Invalued soldier was asked why he most comfort on the battlefield."

"It was his answer?"

"I was first and next to that a man gun."

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UP THE LADDER

By EMILY WARRINGTON.

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

Sidney Bruce had a "job." Warren Trask held a "position," a difference with a decided distinction. The former was merely an underpaid clerk in a big dry goods store. Trask was manager of a department.

The latter loved to lord it over those he considered and treated as his inferiors. He strode into the room where Sidney was marking some rugs, assisted by several fellow workers.

"Special matter for you, Bruce," he announced in a sharp mandatory way. "Very well, sir."

Trask always took the "sir" for a mark of obsequence and acknowledgment of his superiority, whereas Sidney used it as a barrier to prevent familiarity, for he did not like the man.

"Errand boys all out and this is a rush order. It's part of a wedding trousseau for the rich Miss Delby, over at Acton."

"There are no trains until afternoon," suggested Sidney.

"I have thought of that and duly provided," Trask caught him up by saying, in his wise grandiloquent way. "Our buyer has his horse and gets here. Says he won't use it this afternoon, and you can spin over to Acton and back in two hours."

There was no doubt that there would be some "spinning" for the moment Sidney went down into the court where the rig was, he noticed the fire in the eyes of the steed. Sidney took a firm grip on the reins and by the time he reached a clear road had the animal well under control.

An automobile flashed past at a sharp curve in the road, and the horse reared, curved and gave the gig a swing that carried it off its balance. Sidney was thrown clear of the vehicle, the lines torn from his hands and when he recovered his scattered senses the rig was out of sight.

It was late in the afternoon, fully twenty miles from the spot where Sidney had been thrown out of the vehicle that automobilists came across the horse and gig, the former done out and cut with flying flints at the fellocks, and the gig minus a wheel and a wreck. The box containing the wedding dress had disappeared. Pretty well depressed, Sidney reached home to report his mishap to Trask.

What mighty importance did Trask assume in adjusting the scattered issues of the case! He reasoned like a lawyer and pronounced his verdict like a judge. Sidney had to pay for the dress, a matter of over one hundred dollars. That sum used up six weeks' salary. When the last dollar of the cost of the dress had been paid, Sidney bade his employers a dignified farewell and started with bare shins to further exploit his craft on the uncertain sea of business.

A new enterprise had been started in the town by a man named Greeley. He had gone into the finer grade of house furnishings. As Sidney was passing the store Greeley called him in.

"I've wanted to speak to you for some time," he told Sidney. "I knew it was no use while you were working, for you're not the kind that leaves an employer in the lurch except for a just cause."

"I am looking for an opening," Sidney frankly admitted.

"Very well. Here is my proposition: A reasonable drawing account, five per cent commission, and if you can work up an average of fifty thousand dollars a year I will take you in as a partner."

Sidney Bruce started in his new sphere of business activity with vim and confidence. There were many wealthy people scattered through the district and within a month he had brought in quite a number of orders. One day he learned of a Mr. Wardell, who had just moved into a fine mansion that had been vacant because of litigation for years.

Sidney found Mr. Wardell was in the market for complete renovation and furnishing of the house. He started to take Sidney through the place, jotting down the suggestions.

"Here is the music room and dance hall," spoke Mr. Wardell, coming to an open archway. "A visitor, daughter," he called out.

Sidney had observed a graceful female figure standing before a gentleman glass, posing, swaying, arrayed in the wedding dress that had cost him position and money. The girl, beautiful in the extreme, turned quickly and then ran from the room. Her father laughed freely.

"One of the servants found a box containing that dress in the woods some time ago," he explained. "We could not discover the owner and Idalia seems to enjoy dressing in it all her own wardrobe appears."

Sidney amazed Greeley by turning in an eight thousand dollar order and was busy off and on for a month at the Cedars, giving the workmen instructions.

Now Warren Trask overstepped his orders one day and was let out. "Bruce seems expanding," he observed to a casual acquaintance one day, as Sidney flashed by in an automobile.

"Oh, he's got beyond job or position," was replied. "He's a boss, now—partner in Greeley & Bruce."

"That so?" mumbled Trask enviously.

"And they say he's going to marry the daughter of the rich owner of the Cedars, Miss Idalia Wardell." Which was true.

CORN WILL WIN DEMOCRACY'S SWAR

America's Greatest Cereal Crop Now Moving to Market.

MAINSTAY NATION'S CRISIS.

Surplus Wheat the United States Has Been to Famine Threat in Europe.

America's corn crop, exceeding 3,000,000,000 bushels, will save the world's food problem, officials of the United States administration believe.

Corn is the best food cereal, housewives are learning to realize. It contains all elements needed to keep the body in a state of health and when used according to the scores of tried recipes, it will sustain life indefinitely.

Indian warriors in old days lived on parched corn alone many days at a time, and at Vicksburg parched corn was at times the sole ration of the Continental soldiers.

Owing to transportation difficulties caused by the war, corn moved more slowly to market than ever before. Now, however, the surplus is reaching the market consumers.

In the meantime, the surplus wheat has been sent to Europe. Today there are approximately 30 bushels of corn for every five bushels of wheat in former European countries.

Just as this cereal, the first American colonists found on many occasions, just as it was a staple food during the Revolution and during the war, King Corn has again come front in the nation's battle with hunger.

Corn meal is finding increased use in the making of white bread. Hundreds of loaves, many of the larger bakeries mixing 20 per cent corn meal with flour to make leavening. This kind of a mixture is worked up in the same recipes and same methods that apply to wheat bread.

Corn bread—using corn meal—is gaining a great popularity than ever before. Housewives are coming to realize that even if wheat saved in American demand of wheat released for shipment to the nations with which America is at war.

There are a score of cereals that today possess unusual value for Americans. Corn syrup, containing corn cakes and huckles and for use in the kitchen of granulated sugar is one of the products made from corn.

Corn oil, excellent for frying or for other purpose filled with vitamins, is appearing on the market in quantities. It comes from the germ of the corn.

Canada is also having trouble. Made-in-Germany lies can't hinder Canadian food conservation according to an official statement received from the Canadian controller by the United States administration.

The stories bothering Canada of the same general character as the United States food conservation recently denounced in Europe, such as the ridiculous blaming famine fakes and that the government would hoard housewives' stocks of household goods.

The Canadian food conservation committee that when the people pass on such stories, they have the power of destruction in a battalion of soldiers.

"Stories without even a modicum of foundation have been scattered abroad," said the Canadian committee. "Nor have they come to life. They have started simulating in different parts of the country in each instance have been called to arouse public indignation."

"They are insidious, subtle, but by bit they dissipate trust, the great essential in work of food control."

"It lies with every individual to bear from criticism; to refrain from passing on the vagrant and false story, and thus the more likely to co-operate in work which to men more than the man of people yet realize."

THE UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION. There is no royal road to food conservation. We can only accomplish this by the voluntary action of our whole people, element in proportion to its size. It is a matter of equality of action; a matter of minute care and substitution at every point the 20,000,000 kitchens, and the 2,000,000 dinner tables, and the 2,000,000 manufacturing, wholesale and retail establishments of the country.

From the Berlekamp method of making nitric acid from the air, it can be worked out on a satisfactory basis with the very important industry.

Eben's Deductions. "Dad, be something in the law of averages," said Uncle Eben. "Some of the best men I know seem to rest upon a notion by being as foolish as possible."—Washington Star.

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LAKE VILLA

Miss Fae Potter is improving.

L. B. Grice of Antioch was in town on business Tuesday.

Mrs. P. R. Avery spent Sunday in Chicago with her husband.

Mrs. Rob Mills Jr. spent a few days the first of the week in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett entertained a friend from the city over Sunday.

Fred Bartlett and Jim McKensie of Camp Grant were home over Sunday.

G. A. Mitchell, B. Hauser, Misses Stella Kerr and Mabel Falch spent Sunday in the city.

Mrs. Murrie of Waukegan and Mrs. Jay Miller of Racine spent Tuesday with Mrs. H. P. Miller.

A. Kappe, C. B. Hamlin, H. Miller and Fred Hamlin spent the week end with their families here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Wald are enjoying a two or three weeks vacation in Florida where they have some land.

Mrs. A. Kappe, F. M. Hamlin, F. T. Hamlin, F. Nader and Mrs. R. Sherwood have been on the sick during the last week.

Word received from Mr. and Mrs. Paulson of Plainview, Neb., announces the arrival of a little daughter on Jan. 18th. Mrs. Paulson will be remembered here as Louise Christensen.

The annual Farmers' Institute is scheduled for Wednesday, January 30, at the Barnstable hall. The afternoon program will begin promptly at 1:30 and the evening program at 7:30. Mr. Seas, Mr. Smith and others will discuss farm problems in the afternoon and Mr. Dudley of Chicago will be the principal speaker at the patriotic program in the evening. Come and bring your neighbors to both programs. Wednesday, January 30th is the day.

About nine o'clock Monday morning our citizens were called to fight fire which had broken out in the attic of C. B. Hamlin's house. Mrs. Hamlin discovered it, put in a telephone call and people responded so well and so quickly with fire extinguishers and water buckets that the fire was all out by ten o'clock or earlier. No direct cause is known, and the loss is covered by insurance. The volunteer firemen surely deserve a great deal of credit and Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin wish to express their deep appreciation to their friends who surely were "friends in need."

TREVOIR

The cold weather still continues.

Wm. Evans had dental work done at Silverlake Saturday.

Mrs. Singler and daughter were Antioch shoppers Thursday.

Henry Lubeno and Andrew Lovested were in Kenosha Wednesday.

Hiram Patrick of Randall called on the Patrick families Friday.

Tony Fredson of Racine was shaking hands with old friends Saturday.

Mrs. Shiff of Kenosha is visiting her grandchildren, the Merrill children.

Miss Julia Hockney of Antioch assisted Mrs. Shreck in sewing last week.

Albert Merrill was called to Michigan Monday by the serious illness of an aunt.

Mr. Eberis and Mr. Mickie transacted business in Chicago Wednesday and Thursday.

Dr. Fletcher of Salem and Dr. Becker of Silverlake made professional calls in town last week.

Mr. Marty, manager of the cheese factory expects to move his family here in the near future.

Byron Patrick and Wm. Taylor, who are working in Racine spent their five day vacation at their respective homes.

School commenced Monday after a vacation of four weeks. Many of the scholars are home with the whooping cough.

MILLBURN

Wm. Truax and wife spent Wednesday and Thursday in Waukegan.

Mrs. LeVoy and J. S. Denman have been on the sick list the past week.

The Red Cross society will give a card party soon to raise money to pay for supplies.

The Millburn Mutual Insurance Co. will hold their meeting Saturday, Jan. 23, weather permitting.

Edwin Denman and wife of Libertyville spent several days with home returning Tuesday.

E. W. Cannon having bought the property west of Millburn, formerly the McDougall place, will move there last of this week.

The Millburn Red Cross society returned finished a number of scarves, sweaters, socks, helmets and other work to Libertyville the past week.

WILMOT

Mrs. Geo. Faulkner is ill with the grip.

Ermine Carey is still confined to her bed with the grip.

Wm. Volbrecht spent Saturday with his mother at Antioch.

Wallace Dobyns of Antioch was a Sunday visitor at Carey's.

Ruth and Allen Morgan entertained a number of friends at cards Thursday night.

Mrs. A. H. Kruckman is now at the Kenneboc hotel in Los Angeles, California.

Arthur Anderson has accepted a position in Ringwood after the first of the month.

Fred Hasselman Jr., went to Chicago Monday to enter a hospital for another operation.

Clayton Lester of Oak Park was a week-end guest at the R. C. Shiff home.

Mrs. Earl Shales and daughter are staying at the A. G. Pacey home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Higgins returned from the George Faulkner home last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Nett and son spent Sunday at the Lentz home in Bassett.

Thomas Fleming, member of county exemption board was at Bassett over Sunday.

Blanche Carey is spending the week in Chicago, as the guest of Mr. O'Meara.

Mrs. Ray Paddock and son spent several days last week at D. J. Vincent home.

Roy Bufton of Silverlake and Mrs. Ray Bufton of Randall spent Saturday at Wm. Bufton's.

John Sorensen has been transferred from Jefferson Barracks, Mo. to the M. O. T. Camp at Fort Riley, Kas.

Mrs. Murphy has been appointed Administrator Bullamore of Ipsa to represent him as food administrator in Wilmot.

Dr. Darby, member of county exemption board, was a guest at the Mrs. C. Phillips home over weekend.

Mrs. Oscar Pacey of Geneva was a guest at the Arthacey home over Sunday to see her band, who is ill there.

A large crowd attended the movies Sunday night. Mr. Gibbs been prevented by the bad weather from coming for several Sundays.

Mr. Minsart took his school class in agriculture out to Vincentville Stock Farm Friday afternoon for a lesson in judging cattle.

Mrs. Ford Herrick and Don Herrick came out from Chicago Saturday night. Don has spent the month in Chicago visiting relatives.

Sister Lena Ras returned to the Passavant hospital Milwaukee Monday after spending week caring for her mother and sister, who have both been sick.

The next order of flour to be received at the mill will be barley and wheat mixture. E. Becker delivered loads of flour to Sam Antioch and Powers Lake this week.

The Homestead play which was to have been in February has been postponed April, members of the cast found impossible to get through for practice present.

Due to a mistake made by the clerk in the County exemption board Charles Bruel, who is enlisted man, at present at Camp Grant, was listed in the Kenosha paper as a delinquent in returning his questionnaire.

Mrs. August Hanneman received word the last of the week that her son Floyd was ill with the grip at White-water, where he is attending the normal and Liand with the measles at Watertown, where he is a student at the Northwestern college.

Thelma Red Cross unit sent six pajamas, six robes, six scarves and fourteen sweaters to the Kenosha Headquarters the last of the week. Besides sending helmets to Carl Gauger at Camp Grant and Fred Semerau at Camp Custer.

The grocery stores, according to Dr. Gafield's order remained closed Monday. Mr. Gibbs announced Sunday night that there would be no more movies until he would be allowed to show in Richmond. There the current is supplied by a coal engine.

Prof. Minsart was in Kenosha attending a meeting of the County Council of Defense Thursday. It is planned to give credits in the high school subjects to the boys who are strong enough to pass their subjects and allow them to assist the farmers with their spring work.

POOR HENS BY MACHINERY

Dried Churn Makes Application Insect Powder Easy and Quite Effective.

S. ANDERSON, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins.

Chickens may be healthy, well fed, and housed, but if she is overrun with lice and mites she cannot remain a profitable producer or a good mother of the young chicks.

Under ordinary conditions, lice and mites can be kept down by frequently applying boards and nests and by providing a good dusting bath for the birds. When these precautions fail, however, treatment must be followed.

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